

THE PORTSMOUTH INQUIRER.

Published by Cleveland & Pearce.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, PROGRESSION.

Office, on Market Street.

VOLUME III.

PORTSMOUTH, O., MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 18, 1850.

NUMBER 33.

Business Cards.

Blanks! Blanks!!

A vast assortment of blanks of various kinds such as Warrants, Quit-Claims and Mortgages Deeds, Subpoenas, Summons, Executions, Attachments, and other Justice's blanks, constantly on hand at this office.

D. P. ROSEBOOM & CO.
Machinists and Brass Founders,
Madock's Buildings, Chillicothe Street,
PORTSMOUTH, O.

THEY make and repair all kinds of Steam Engines, Mill Gearing, Lathes, &c., as well as all kinds of Machinery. Their Brass Foundry being the only one of this kind in Cincinnati, they can furnish anything in that line at short notice. They also keep always on hand Kase's Patent Double Action Force Pump, a most excellent and useful machine for drawing water from deep wells and forcing it to almost any desired height or distance.
Portsmouth, Nov. 11, 1850.—32y1

BANKING OFFICE

KINNEY & TRACY!

KINNEY & TRACY have opened an office for discount and deposits, on Front street, four doors below the U. S. Hotel.
Interest allowed on deposits, payable on demand. Gold, silver, and uncurrent notes bought and sold. Office hours from 8 A. M. till 6 P. M.
May 13, 1850.

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' EXCHANGE,
East side of Market, one door from Front street
THOS. DUGAN, GEO. W. HERD, M. MACKAY,
DUGAN, HERD & CO.
Exchange Brokers,

LOAN money collect notes and drafts, making remittances promptly, buy and sell Real Estate, Bank Notes, Gold and Silver, receive money on deposit allowing 5 per cent. interest on the same, payable on demand.

SUMS OF MONEY
LARGE and small, transmitted at all times, to any part of England, Ireland, Scotland and Germany. **DUGAN, HERD & CO.**
Exchange Brokers,
East side of Market, one door from Front st.
Portsmouth, O., Oct. 17, '49.—281f.

New Hat and Cap MANUFACTORY!
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
ONE DOOR WEST OF THE FRANKLIN HOUSE
Portsmouth, Ohio.

S. R. ROSS,
WHOLESALE GROCER,
COMMISSION

PRODUCE MERCHANT,
AND
FORWARDER,
FRONT ST., PORTSMOUTH OHIO

A full and complete assortment of Tea, Sugars, Wines, Liquors, Nails, Iron, Coffee Molasses, Powder, Cordage, &c., always on hand, at Eastern Wholesale prices.
Particular attention given to orders
Portsmouth, May 8, 1848. 1f.

F. J. OAKES. **A. W. BUSKIRK**
OAKES & BUSKIRK,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
Dealers in
Rectified, Whiskey, Foreign
AND
Domestic Liquors.

NO. 6,
Front Street, Portsmouth, Ohio.

WE hope by strict attention to business and due observance of the wants of our customers, and the public generally, to receive continuance of that very liberal patronage here before extended to the old firm, for which we are very much obliged.
January 2, 1849.—339

Summer Hats.

THE subscriber now has on hand and is finishing a superior quality of Hats of the latest styles and of every variety adapted to the season. Also,
Children's Hats and Caps,
of every beautiful form & now on hand, all of which will be sold singly or by the dozen, on terms which cannot fail to be satisfactory.
D. WOLFARD,
Front street, Portsmouth, April 29, '50

R. LLOYD

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Leather
and Shoe Findings.

I AM now receiving my Spring Stock of Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Leather and Shoe Findings, together with a large and beautiful assortment of Carpet Bags and Satchels, which were selected with great care.
Persons wishing any of the above articles, will find it to their interest to give me a call, as I am determined to sell as low as the same articles can be bought west of the Mountains.
RICHARD LLOYD,
Sign of the Red Boot.
Portsmouth, March 19, 1850.—50.

JNO. McDOWELL Jr.,
Commission and Forwarding
MERCHANT,
NEW ORLEANS.

ALWAYS on hand S. F. FLOUR, No. 1 and 2. Warranted to be of good quality.
C. A. M. DAMIRIN,
December 10, 1849.—6.

Business Directory.

GROCERS & PRODUCE DEALERS
S. R. ROSS,
Front street, 5 doors below Market.
Oakes & Buskirk,
No. 6, Front street, above Market.

COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANTS & GROCERS.
Davis & Smith,
East side of Market street.
McDowell &
Corner of Front and Market streets.

PHYSICIANS.
Dr. J. M. Shackelford,
Residence on Fourth above Court.
Dr. J. Corson,
Residence on Court, between 4th and 5th sts.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Edward W. Jordan,
Market Street, next door to the Bank.
W. A. Hutchins,
Market Street, next door to the Bank.

BANKERS.
P. Kinney & Co.,
Front, half way between Market & Jefferson
Dugan, Herd & Co.
East side of Market, 1 door from Front street

INSURANCE COMPANIES
Portsmouth Insurance Company,
Front, in J. Lodwick & Son's Store.

DRY GOODS MERCHANTS.
Wm. Elden & Co.,
East side Market, between Front & Second
Lodwick & Son,
No. 66 Front, above Jefferson.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.
J. L. M'VEY & Co.,
Front, 53 Flaxseed Row.
Shackelford & Crichton,
Front, below Jefferson.

BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER.
S. Wells,
Front, between Court and Market.

WATCHMAKER & JEWELLER.
John Clugsten,
Front, one door above Kinney's.

FURNITURE WAREHOUSES.
J. B. & S. P. Nickels,
West side Market, between Front & Second

MERCHANT TAILORS.
A. C. Davis,
Front Street, below U. S. Hotel.
Miller & Elsas,
Corner of Front and Jefferson.

BOOTS & SHOES.
M. Keppel,
Front, two doors below Jefferson.

HATS AND CAPS.
D. Wolfard,
Front street, one door below Franklin House

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER.
J. M. Teagarden,
Over No. 3, Jefferson street.

JOB PRINTING
AT THE
INQUIRER OFFICE.

HAVING recently procured an Extensive and Splendid Assortment of
FANCY AND JOB TYPE.

We are prepared to execute in the neatest manner and at short notice, all kinds of
SHOW BILLS, BALL TICKETS,
HAND BILLS, BUSINESS CARDS,
HORSE BILLS, VISITING CARDS,
LABELS, CIRCULARS, &c.

With a new and beautiful font of
Script,
And also one of Secretary Type,
we are prepared to execute all kinds of Legal and Business Blanks.

We shall always keep on hand a full assortment of Land conveyances, Bills of Lading, Promissory notes, &c., got up after the most approved forms, which we will sell by the single sheet or quire, at prices, for the most part, as low as they can be procured in Cincinnati. Having been at considerable expense, from a desire to have the above named kinds of work executed as well in our town as they can be in larger places, we hope to receive a liberal share of public patronage.

P. H. MURRAY & Co.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Stoves, Grates, Castings and Hollow-ware,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Copper, Zinc, Sheet-iron, and Tin-ware,
WEST SIDE OF MARKET STREET,
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

We invite Country merchants, Furnace men, and citizens generally, to call and examine our stock. All orders promptly attended to. Job Work executed with neatness and dispatch.
Portsmouth, Sept. 15, '49.—241f.

GREAT HARVEST FROLIC!
NEW
DRY GOODS.
JAMES FURSELL,

HAS just received his FALL stock of Dry Goods, and now invites the examination of Merchants and Housekeepers, to one of the largest, choicest and cheapest assortments to be found in this place. His stock of Silks and Fancy Dress Goods, and trimmings of every kind is unusually large, to which the attention of the ladies is particularly invited.

Queensware and Glass.
Furnace men and Merchants, will find the Queensware department fully supplied with everything in that line, and at prices uniformly lower than can be had in Cincinnati, or Pittsburgh, and 30 per cent. lower than can be delivered from Philadelphia.

CALL AND SEE,
Sept. 25, 1850.—60
Portsmouth
FLINT GLASS WORKS.

THE undersigned are now prepared to fill orders for all kinds of Flint Glass Ware, which they will sell at Pittsburgh prices, and warrant equal to any in the market.

Merchants will find it to their advantage to call before making their purchases elsewhere.
McFEE & BROTHERS,
Portsmouth, Sept. 30, 1850.—26y1

The Muses.



For the Inquirer.

The Cholera.

BY L. N. WHITE.

'Tis a scourge from the Lord, coming forth from afar,
Like an army of foes set on plunder and war;
Death, death, is its watchword, all hidden its way,
It moves 'mid the darkness, it wasteth by day.

No cottage so humble, no palace so proud,
No circle so sacred, no revel so loud,
No city, or village, or country or land,
Is secure from the stroke of its terrible hand.

With the poison of death, it does laden the air,
Sparing neither the aged, the young or the fair;
The note for its ear is the last dying moan,
And its eye loves to gaze where its victims lie strown.

Sweep along, dreaded scourge, cover earth with thy slain,
Thou art conqueror now, but we'll rally again
On the plains of the air, where the Saviour appears;
Then ours be the triumph, thine the anguish and tears.

Miscellaneous.

TOM TRIANGLE;

ON LOVE AND GEOMETRY.

Tom Triangle was a chum at college. He was, for the most part, a clever, good humored fellow, though somewhat less addicted to learning than to gin and jiving. Often do the merry hours that we spent together come back and look me in the face—not pale and ghost-like, but fresh and breathing, with pleasant and familiar smiles—come and dance round me with their 'quips and cranks,' and uproarious laughter, with the odor of fragrant Hymns floating on their yellow locks; and now and then luridly shining through clouds of smoke, the face of some Tutor or Professor gleaming with immortal indignation.

But *nemo sine vitio*—there was one exception to Tom's good humor. He would suffer no jokes upon his name. Truly, it was an unfortunate name; and, as Will Whiston was wont to say, 'neither looked well written, nor sounded well spoken, besides being nearly as dangerous to alter as those nice-corned Dutch oaths that came so near choking William the Testy!' Upon all other subjects, even though at his own expense, his laugh was free and hearty; but whenever his name was the text, Tom growled and looked wolfish. It was evidently a sore subject with him, but exactly why none knew. He was so well liked, that this singular humor was generally respected; but, one day, a classmate, more waggish than wise, slapping him on the shoulder, said: 'Tom, I've a problem for you.'

'State it,' said my chum.

'If the three angles of a right-angled triangle are equal to two right angles, what are the angles of a Tom Triangle equal to?'

'Sir,' replied my chum, 'if you must push your investigations so far beyond the books, I'll demonstrate a Tom Triangle to you at ten paces!'

He did so, and the curious student sacrificed a finger to the cause of science.

At remote and uncertain periods, also, varying from one to two weeks, Tom became gloomy and abstracted; sighed, muttered indistinctly of destiny and read *Ovid de Arte Amandi*, or *Remedio Amoris*.

I suspected him. He said hard things of women in general. My suspicions changed to conviction. The blind archer had winged him, giving one of those wounds that 'kill not but ne'er heal.' He shunned women now—it must then be an old matter. I determined to probe him.

'Tom,' said I, one evening, as he leaned back in his easy chair, lazily watching the smoke from his cigar, which for a moment, lovingly enveloped his nose, and then curled slowly upwards in blue wreaths to the ceiling: 'Tom, have you ever been in love?'

Tom said nothing, but the end of his cigar grew very red, and a fierce glance shot out from under his eyebrows.

'My dear fellow,' said I, repeating the question, and not seeming to notice these signs of a storm, 'have you ever been in love?'

'Yes,' thundered he, starting up like a shell from a mortar, and upsetting a chair upon my tenderest corn.

'Heavens! What in the name of Euclid is the meaning of all this, my worthy Triangle?' exclaimed I, chuckling, in spite of my agony, at the good shot I had made.

'Confound the sex!' said Tom, striking across the floor.

'Calm yourself, my dear fellow, and let us know what secret, black and midnight hag' has brewed this tempest.'

'It's a villainous world,' said Tom, 'and women hath made it such!'

'Heaven help you,' replied I, 'you are certainly losing your senses, and uttering rank treason against beauty and loveliness.'

(Without the smile from partial beauty won, Oh, what were man—a world without a sun!)

'Think of that, Tom, and repent.'

'All nonsense,' said my still excited chum; 'Eve, the first woman, put her foot into the fountain of human happiness, and stirred up such a deuced quantity of mud

that it hasn't run clear to this day; and if every woman since has not done her best to perpetuate the mischief, then am I a shotten herring.'

'Quoting eh!—a good sign by Jove. It argues a return of sanity. Come my Romeo,' said I, 'sit down and cleanse your stuffed bosom by a confession.'

'Well, be it so,' said Tom, quite mockingly, 'I confess, Ned, that I was a little excited, but your random shot struck me in a tender place.' Harg Tom slapped his hand upon that portion of his jacket which might be supposed to cover his heart.

'Poo! laugh off your sorrows, Tom, if you have any. Democritus was a greater philosopher than Socrates, or Plato. But your story' said I, 'let's have it. What impertinent josh has thrown cold water on the fire, and raised such a smoke in your kitchen?'

'Ned, pass those cigars.'

'Tom lighted an Havana, whiffed a minute in profound silence, looked a little foolish, and commenced.'

'My love began, like this cigar, in fire, and ended, as it will, in smoke.'

'Bahl don't get sentimental, Tom,—let us have the facts.'

'Permit me Ned to remind you of the advice you gave me a minute since; calm yourself.'

'A hit, Tom, a palpable hit—but proceed.'

'Before entering college, I officiated as teacher in the Academy of a pleasant village in Connecticut called West Hartford. All these village academies are attended both by boys and girls. Among those favored with my learned instructions was Lizzy Temple—the most bewitching girl I ever saw. She was just seventeen, overflowing with merriment, tall, and charmingly developed in everything that makes up maiden beauty. Her fingers looked like ivory tooth-picks for Apollo, her nose and forehead were Grecian, or as nearly so as anything Saxon ever approaches it; her face was full of expression—a little wicked sometimes—and slightly brunette in complexion; her hair fell in thick jetty ringlets, upon her neck and shoulder, like a beautiful drapery furnished by the gods, for charms, that fully seen, might drive men to madness; her eyes were black—and voluptuous, and her lips!—Oh!

'In their rosy labyrinth, when she smiled The soul was lost!'

'Take a glass of water!'

'Ned be silent.'

'Excuse me Tom—I thought the suggestion opportune.'

'Well, Ned, I loved her madly, and it was deemed hard work to keep the pupils from finding it out. A fellow who can be passionately in love, and never suffer it to appear, in motion or feature, with his charmer always before him, had better take to diplomacy. He has in him, the elements of a Talleyrand. But I was not alone in this. One of the boys in the Latin class had the impertinence to be particularly sweet to Lizzy. He was always by her side out of school, and when in, looking over his book and conjugating 'Amo' with his eyes. He delighted me one day, by violating some rule, and the way I pitched into him would have furnished at least a chapter to any one investigating the 'philosophy of punishment.'

'Hang me, Ned, if ever I flogged a fellow, before or since, with such a hearty good will.'

'Of course, I felt a great interest in the progress of Lizzy, and was often at her desk, mending her pens, or leaning over her shoulder, my face almost in contact with her love-provoking lips, apparently to examine her writing, or aid in demonstrating some problem in her Geometry; and then when her sweet breath stole over my cheek, and her young bosom, straining against her bodice rose and fell before me, like a bark on the silver sea of love, I'

'Kissed her, Tom?'

'Ned, you're vexatious.'

'I'm sorry.'

'The Temples, her parents, were very polite to me, and had been known to say that I was quite a promising young man, only a little too gay, and fond of worldly vanities—such as dress, and girls, bollock. Of course, I reciprocated their good feeling, and exclaimed in all sincerity, *Temple quare dilecta*—especially when they invited me to tea, or offered me a seat in their pew, and so gave me a chance of sitting with Lizzy. Her father, Squire Temple, was a clever old soul, with a nose as long as his queue; the principal business of which seemed to be to support a large pair of iron-rimmed spectacles, that kept their place like a schoolboy's finger, whenever he read the statutes to his litigious neighbors. I went frequently to his home and spent the evening—drank his cider, praised his pippins, discussed the weather, neighborhood quarrels, and the last sermon, till he fell asleep; and then talked, laughed, pulled candy, and played 'Fox and Geese with Lizzy, while—'

'Ah! Tom, you played the fox in another game, while old Temple was snoring—and got blown, eh?'

'Ned, you're insufferable! By the immortal Jove! if you interrupt me again I'm off to our club, and you may fill up the story at your leisure.'

'I'm dumb.'

'I was in a sad pickle, Ned. My passion for Lizzy, fed by a daily sight of her beauty, and girlish grace, swelled like a creek after a January thaw; but it had no outlet. It would not do to be known as a teacher and lover. I had nothing to do but to look and love, and long—and keep my mouth shut. O Tantalus! said I, with a tolerable accurate appreciation of his doom. O Tantalus! victim of eternal thirst! looking forever, with parched mouth and burning eye-ball upon water—cool inviting, bubbling up to thy very lips, which thou must not taste—here's a fellow to

match thee! Thou art miserable, unquestionably; but just let the gods take away this water, and put Lizzy Temple in its place, with like restrictions and I reckon you wouldn't make much by its change!'

'Hang me, Ned, if I don't think he would have lost by it. Love is a troublesome thing, when it gets into a fellow and can't get out. If those unfortunate swine, into whom the devils entered of old, felt half as bad as I did, I don't wonder they cut for the sea. I believe the only thing that saved me from a strait jacket, was the certainty that a few months would close the infernal school, and give me a chance to worship freely at the shrine of this beautiful Temple.'

'That time come at last,' said Tom, with a most luxurious expression, in which the pathetic, the dismal and the reckless were curiously blended. 'The term closed, and I was as happy, Ned, as a French prisoner, breathing from the old Bastille into sunlight and liberty. No sooner had the last scholar disappeared through the door, with his green satchel slung over his shoulder, than I leaped to the middle of the floor and broke into a hornpipe, that would have beaten the witches in 'Alloway's old haunted Kirk.'

'The sweet host of winning Lizzy, so long repressed, acted upon me like a draught of exhilarating gas; and faith, said Tom, mildly, 'I'm inclined to think it was about the same thing.'

'Two evenings afterwards, I took a walk with Lizzy. We sauntered through the village, and into the park; and there beneath the stars and moonlight, I told her earnest—passionate love. I forget exactly what I said, but it was tender. I assure you—and more than that it was truthful—for I loved her as warmly as Abelard his Heloise. At that time I never expected to smile again, if she said 'No.' Well Ned, I told her all—and then ventured the ugly question—'

'Here Tom's voice grew husky, and beads of perspiration began to appear on his forehead. There was a convulsive twitching too about his eyes and the corner of his mouth, when, after looking a minute or so in profound silence, at his boots, he turned to me and asked:

'What do you think her reply was, Ned?'

'Couldn't guess, Tom; probably she intimated that she was too young to marry—or perhaps, that she would like to examine a few more goods before she made a selection!'

'No you couldn't guess it! Ned—no man could guess it! 'Twas a piece of unwomanly cruelty. She—Tom was becoming very much excited—she said, with a heartless laugh that rings in my ears yet, that she never liked Geometry, and thought it would be exceedingly dull to be all one's life—demonstrating Triangles!'

'The next morning I found myself in bed, but when I went or how I came there I never knew. There was a panel out of the door, a broken chair in the middle of the room, and my very best broad cloth coat was hanging on the candle as an extinguisher. Three months afterwards she married that young scoundrel whom I flogged so soundly for loving her!'

'Ha! ha! ha! Forgive me Tom, for—ha, ha, ha, ha!'

'Ned,' said Tom, with a melancholy smile—'Ned, pass those cigars!'

California News.

The Empire City brings California news to Oct. 5th. The Empire brought three hundred passengers and eighty thousand dollars in gold.

The British steamer *Modway*, took two millions of dollars to England, on her last voyage.

It is supposed that the passengers by this arrival, bring about one million of dollars in gold.

The news from the mines is favorable to the miners, and several new diggings have been discovered.

People in California were busily employed in the canvass preliminary to the elections, which were soon to take place.

From the plains the news was disastrous. A great many emigrants were perishing by famine, exposure and disease.

Two millions and nine hundred dollars were shipped from San Francisco, by various vessels, during the week ending on the 5th of October.

The loss by the late fire in San Francisco, is estimated at from one hundred and twenty-five to three hundred houses, and at about one million dollars.

PARTICULARS OF THE GREAT FIRE.—We are compelled to send to the states, by the steamer *Isthmus*, which leaves to-day, the sad news of another destructive fire in San Francisco, it broke the fourth within nine months. It broke out at about one o'clock this morning, in the La Fayette Restaurant, and was first discovered by Mr. North of the city police.

This time the burnt district is bounded by Washington, Dupont, Pacific, and about half the square between Kearney streets.

The property was mostly old and cheap buildings, and the business in that part of the city being a retail one, the loss, perhaps, is not more than one-third of that of the June conflagration. At a rough estimate, we set it down at \$1,000,000.

Perhaps the most valuable of the property destroyed, is the office of the Pacific News. We make the announcement of this great loss to Winchester, Allen & Co., with the deepest and most heartfelt regret.

Gen. Winchester has labored night and day, to build up this establishment, until it had become second to no one on the Pacific in value, and in an hour he sees every vestige of it swept away.

The Pacific News establishment was entirely destroyed—type, presses, paper and building. The proprietors also lost their account books. The concern was owned by nine proprietors, and was valued at \$60,000, of which sum Col. Winchester lost \$30,000.

The City Hall was saved by almost superhuman exertions. The end towards Pacific street was completely covered with blankets and carpeting, and on the plaza were stationed some twenty men who kept the building wet by throwing water from buckets against it and fighting the fire, whenever it caught the clapboards, with saturated cotton cloth.

The fire was extinguished after burning about three hours.—*California Paper.*

The Granary—A Hint to Delinquents.

BY A. C. THOMAS.
Jonathan Homespun, having purchased an extensive farm, and provided himself with every thing requisite to prosperous husbandry, proposes to furnish subscribers with one quart of wheat weekly for one year, at the low price of two dollars if paid after six weeks.

The facilities afforded by government for the transportation of wheat to every section of the Union and the adjacent provinces, are such as to prove satisfactory to every subscriber; and the proprietor of the Granary assures all who may patronize him, that he will exert himself to supply an article of the best quality.

N. B. Agents will be allowed a generous per centage. Address (post paid) Proprietor of the Granary, Hopewell.

Such was the prospectus issued by my friend Mr. Homespun. Feeling a lively interest in his welfare, I visited his farm, although it was a long journey from my home, and was pleased to find everything in nice order. He informed me that he had contracted a large debt in the purchase of the premises, stock and implements of husbandry, but he had no doubt of his ability to discharge every obligation in a few years. He also stated that he had received many hundred subscribers, and that in four or five weeks he would commence the delivery of the wheat according to his proposals.

The scheme appeared plausible, and my friend was so confident of success, that I had not the slightest doubt of his prosperity. I entered my name as a subscriber, and when I left him he was preparing many quart sacks.

Every week for the space of two or three years, I received my quart of wheat, and concluded from its excellent quality and prompt delivery, that everything was prosperous with Jonathan Homespun and his farm. So I gave myself no concern about my indebtedness to him, for said I, 'to a farmer so extensively patronized as he is, the small pittance of two years' arrearages would be but a drop in the bucket. It is true there was occasionally printed on the sacks a general notice to delinquents, but I never suspected that this was intended for his friends.

The notice, however, became more frequent, and having leisure I concluded I would visit my friend, the proprietor of the Granary. He greeted me cordially, but I saw there had been trouble. He was evidently worn with toil and anxiety, and in the conversation of the evening he entered into the particulars.

'Here have I been laboring day and night almost two years, and am more in debt now than when I began. My creditors are pressing for payment; I am conscious of my inability to meet their demands, and I can perceive no result but bankruptcy and ruin.'

'But you have a large list of subscribers,' said I.

'Yes, a very large list,' was the reply; 'but too many of them are like you.'

'Pardon me,' said my friend, in a melancholy tone, 'pardon me for the expression, my situation would make even a wise man mad. You have had a quart of wheat weekly for two years. I have a large list of the same kind of patrons scattered here and there over a thousand miles. If they would pay me the trifles they severally owe me, I should be directly freed from embarrassment, and go on my way rejoicing. But they reasoned as you reasoned, and among you I am brought to the door of poverty and ruin.'

I felt the whole force of the rebuke; and promptly paying arrears at the increased price named in the prospectus, and also a year in advance, I shortly bade adieu to the worthy and wronged farmer, resolving to do everything in my power to repair the injury which had been occasioned by my delinquency.

O, ye patrons of Jonathan Homespun!—wherever ye are—ye who have received and eaten the wheat from his Granary without making payment—ye are guilty of a grievous sin of omission! Therefore repent! pay him what you owe him. Uncle Sam's teamsters bring the sacks of grain every week, and Uncle Sam's teamsters will